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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"An Artilleryman's Diary"

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Private Sixth Wisconsin Battery

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1915. Number 20

A HAPPY THOUGHT

Love, the perfect thought of thee
Lurks in all I do or see,
With my very life is blent,
Lifting it to sacrament.

I can see the halo now
Crowning every human brow,
And fair angels I surprise
Deep within my neighbor's eyes.

There is nothing drear or dull;
All is some way worshipful,
And becomes with beauty fraught
In the glory of thy thought.

Keep me to thy creed sincere:
Hands that serve and lips that cheer,
Feet, that following thee are found
Ever now on holy ground.

—*Rose Mills Powers in Good Housekeeping.*

Our good friend, Miss Zona Gale, in a private note sends this as a New Year's greeting to the editor: "The other day at Cleveland at a most congested crossing I saw no traffic policeman but only a light. When the light shows green the people move and when it shows red the people wait, and it works! This is a bit of tomorrow!"

In New York the other day there was a meeting of editors, professors, business and other professional men, who left their offices at three in the afternoon to consider the question of a "Federal Constitution of the World." No matter about their conclusions; the constitution was doubtless not written, but the significant fact is that they were gathered together for that purpose, that they left their "business" and other "important engagements" to consider this problem. There are to be more such meetings. The time is almost at hand when no other question will be of sufficient importance to be discussed, or rather in the discussion of this prime question all the other interests will be conserved and advanced.

There is something pathetic in the appeal of a pastor who in announcing his January topics adds: "How much these sermons shall count for truth, how helpful prove, depends largely upon you, my people. By faithful attendance, by kindly invitation, by friendly suggestion and by loyal support you make the pulpit powerful. I need you and I need you all!" This starts a sickly smile upon the face of many a minister who in these days filled with outward hurry for the things to eat and the things to wear, is left to fight his pulpit battles alone. A sermon is never a solo. There must be a listening ear before the voice vocalizes itself. A minister without a co-operative congregation is like one blade of a shears without its mate, a cold and ineffective thing. Every minister can say with Browning: "You bring me mind and I will bring you meaning."

And now comes a stately announcement of "The Authors' Digest," which professes to give all the great classics in tabloid form. In a series of publications it professes to make "Short Stories" out of the long stories of the master novelists, Dickens, Hawthorne, George Eliot and the rest, the voluminous character of which they dispose of as "padding," all in the interest of the poor, hurried men and women of the twentieth century. Not for us, thank you! We deny the soft allegation that life in this generation is necessarily hurried. All the inventions from the electric cooker to the automobile are or ought to be time savers. We do not have to be shot through life on a trans-continental train. We deny the insinuation that the open road, with its alternation of field and forest, of mountain and glen, are padding and that the only thing interesting is the metropolis at the end of the line, which you will conquer by virtue of the subterranean tubes through which you are to be shot. We are not prepared to take Dickens in compressed tablets, even by the experts of the Authors' Club. It is a psychological delusion, a gross spiritual fallacy, that the twentieth century is inimical to the culture that comes from a sense of leisurely enjoyment of the things most worth while. We are to have the "Iliad" superceded by "a delightful short story presentation of the heroic period of early Grecian history!" which is one of the promises of this stately announcement of a great culture contribution to this much-maligned and, let it be confessed, much-deluded, "hurried" age.

Of all the annual "Balance Sheets" made public by the business men of Chicago these January days, none is more surprising or delightful than that made by the Rufus F. Dawes Hotel, which I hope most of the Unity readers will recognize as an institution erected by Charles G. Dawes, one of the successful business men of Chicago, as a memorial to a brilliant young son who left him in his college years. This

hotel was conceived and has been managed on strictly business principles. Mr. Dawes is anxious to have it understood that it is in no way a charitable institution and all its guests are treated with the courtesies that belong to a modern American hotel and are held to the usual rules. Mr. Dawes testifies that no hotel in the country accommodating anything like an equal number of guests has had as little trouble with its patrons as this house. Indeed, he says that they have had no trouble at all. The hotel offers clean beds from five cents to ten cents a night and substantial meals can be obtained for an additional ten or fifteen cents. The following represents the *menu*:

Meat, hash and beans	3 cents
Coffee, with milk and sugar	2 cents
Roll	1 cent
Macaroni and bread	3 cents
Mutton stew and bread	3 cents
Soup, with bread	2 cents
Doughnut	1 cent
Baked beans and bread	3 cents
Pie, all varieties	3 cents

Over 179,000 guests have been entertained during the year and 59,000 meals have been served, and after counting off a reasonable sum for depreciation the whole has been done at a net loss of the petty sum of $1,796.84, or less than one cent per guest. Mr. Dawes is a successful business man and he does not hesitate to say that with a very slight increase in the cost of bed and meals, perhaps not more than a cent a night to the bed, a Dawes Hotel would be a safe business proposition, paying all expenses and 4 per cent on capital invested. He is already leading a business movement that will dot the country with these hotels. Minneapolis, New York or Seattle are considered as the sites for the next venture. The Chicago hostelry has 501 beds and they have been occupied with scarcely an exception throughout the whole year. The service of the hotel provides for a free shower bath, use of towel, soap, razor, night gown and slippers. This venture teaches many things. How cheap are the minimum necessities of life! How wasteful and wicked are the maximum indulgences of the modern man!

It is difficult to find the reason why Julius Rosenwald, confessedly a man of great public spirit, a generous supporter of many philanthropies, should be signalled out and made conspicuous as a law breaker when he has been doing nothing but what has been the rule of all men of wealth in Chicago, and we assume elsewhere, throughout the years of its existence, namely: Neglect to schedule their personal property on the Assessor's blanks, for the one reason that they did not want to swear to a falsehood and did not want to pay the taxes on their personal belongings. It is but fair to admit that high-minded and conscientious men have persisted in this practice on the score that it was a law impossible to execute and unjust if executed. It is high time that this evasion of law by favorite citizens should come to an end, and we are inclined to think Mr. Rosenwald is large-minded enough to accept the situation, and he says, as we understand the newspaper, that he welcomes anything that will hasten the revision of the taxation laws and bring about that kind of a code that will enable a man to tell the truth without wrecking his fortune or crippling his power as a citizen. Taxes represent the inevitable necessity of the State and the unsolved problem of legislators. One thing is clear, that no method has yet been discovered or tried that has not been fraught either with injustice or inefficiency and fertile in frauds. One other thing is still more clear, that no system of taxation is just that does not apply with equal force to the rich and the poor. An evasion of the capitalist is as bad as an evasion of the farmer, and in the long run to avoid telling the truth must in its moral effect upon the community be next thing to telling a lie. The farmer is compelled to render definite returns in regard to his household goods, farm implements, stock and supplies, and above a certain exemption he pays taxes on the same. For instance, the law in Wisconsin, we understand, possibly it is the same in Illinois and other states, exempts $200 worth of household goods, a team of horses, a wagon, a plow, a cow, necessary seed and a supply of food for six months. All over and above this must be accounted for and taxed. The question at issue with the wealthy men of Chicago, not with Mr. Rosenwald, a wealthy man who has over and over again demonstrated that he has a conscience, is whether one law can be made to apply to farmer and business man. If not, then it is to be hoped that this flurry in a Grand Jury room will prove more than a sensation. The law ought to be made as effective in the city as it is on the farm and if it works injury either on the one class or the other, the old laws should be rescinded and new ones enacted. The most just of all taxation would seem to be the Income Tax, but the execution of that law seems to be fraught with greatest difficulty because even thoughtful men are not sufficiently educated in their consciences to tell the truth in this matter. The most inevitable of tax schemes presented is the Land Tax scheme, the crowning argument in the favor of which is that you cannot lie about the land, it is not concealable. Henry George's arguments in this direction have never been answered, as it seems to the present writer. The only question is, can it be made to work? The only answer to this question as yet to be offered in court is that nobody can tell because it has never been tired. One thing more is to be asserted, this nation needs more conscientious tax

payers. More taxes would call for less charities and money that now passes to the credit of "charities" should be charged up to taxes, which are still inadequately met after giving them full credit for their charities. The more legitimate a man's business may be the more real and urgent are the claims of the unlisted partners in the concern, the public, the municipality, the state and the nation, which insure the prosperity and which help earn the fortunes of the fortunate.

Mrs. Judson Fisher

In the recent death of Mrs. Judson Fisher at Alton, Illinois, there passed from earth one who represented in her person that rare combination of gentleness and strength, of culture and sympathy, of alert interest in all new things and restful faith in the old universalities and eternalities that is the finest product of New England inheritance, training and life. Her husband was compelled to lay down his work many years ago, but the beautiful home on the hill at Alton, where two loyal sons, Waldo and Frank, with the loving daughter-in-law, Mrs. Waldo, the laden book-shelves, the interest in everything that pertained to the higher life, co-operative study and the quiet leadership on culture lines of the little mother, perpetuated the parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher came West, true missionaries of the liberal faith, forty-five or more years ago. Their ministry at Janesville, Monroe and Whitewater, Wisconsin, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sheffield and Alton, Illinois, left in each place an atmosphere mellowed into more toleration, a liberal spirit tempered but strengthened, a memory altogether fragrant. Both of them were frail of body. Both of them were stalwart of spirit. On a recent visit to Alton the present writer, attending the Unitarian State Conference last November, found the little mother sitting up, a mere shadow of matter, well up in the eighties, but there was the old, keen interest in affairs of home, church, denomination and current events. Browning and Emerson and their colleagues in the church of the spirit were on her tongue's end and at the tips of her fingers. An evening spent in that presence was an evening among the immortals, and in penning these last words of love and respect for a comrade, the Editor of UNITY writes inadequately for a loving host and expresses imperfectly the sympathy of this host for that bereaved family in the serene but radiant home on the cliff from which can be studied in all its moods the on-moving Mississippi, restless but quiet, still but ever moving, broad but deep as well. Such is the river of life in which Mrs. Judson Fisher delighted and which she exemplified and glorified.

"Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path that reaches heaven.

O half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here!"

The "Social" Perplexity

The Wendell Phillips High School has precipitated the irrepressible social perplexity and the social aristocracy in quite an unexpected manner. In trying to escape the "social" anarchy among high school students which defied Board rules and Superintendent's decisions in maintaining clandestinely sororities and other secret societies, a "Dean of Girls" was appointed who was supposed to provide for the social necessities of the feminine students. In order to meet this, the "Social Afternoon" was invented, when once a week the students were allowed, as we understand it, to dance together. When lo! the parents, whose children were allowed to sit side by side with children of color in class room and lecture hall, that were allowed free privilege in the gymnasium and on the playground, suddenly became frenzied over a "social danger" when these same girls were permitted to spend an hour or so in dancing intercourse within the school-room walls and under school-room administrations. And this "Dean of Girls," yielding to pressure, undertook to settle this age-long problem, to abandon the democracy of the Chicago schools and yielding to the aristocracy of color, the prejudice of race, abandoning the dearly bought privilege of equal chance to equal merit, established her "Jim Crow" discrimination, and the white pupils were invited at one time and the colored at another. But of course this question was not going to be settled, or rather the noble record of Chicago to be *unsettled* by any Dean of Girls, and that in a school that bears the proud name of Wendell Phillips (Heaven save the mark!).

Protests came promptly. The first notice of it in the newspapers carried with it a protest from Dean Talbot, the head of Foster Hall for girls at the University of Chicago. which protest we give below. The Editor of UNITY promptly sent in his protest. Dean Talbot's letter was published in the city papers. Mr. Jones' letter was asked for and was offered on condition that it be printed entire and a leading Chicago daily declined to publish it.

We do not care to further comment upon the situation until the issue is brought farther into the clear; but one solution would seem to be an easy one. This

solution was tersely stated by a "practical business man": "Let all the girls be sent home to help their mothers." It does not appear that this "Social Afternoon" is a pedagogical necessity or that it serves a cultural purpose. One thing is clear, that when it is urged that the objection is only on social grounds—the word "social" reaches a humiliating limitation. If there is nothing social in the study of history, in the laboratory, the gymnasium, the class in civics and the discussion of sociological problems, if "social" is to be limited to a silly dance hour, then alas for the social natures of these guardians of traditional aristocracy. We content ourselves this week in printing so much of Miss Talbot's letter as was given publication and the letter addressed to Mrs. Young by the Editor of UNITY:

FROM DEAN TALBOT'S LETTER TO MRS. YOUNG.

It seems that in dealing with social questions, Miss Smith, dean of girls at the Wendell Phillips High School, is separating the colored pupils from the white ones.

A good many people believe that if ever there was a time when discrimination between races should be made, socially or otherwise, this surely is not the time. Our public school certainly is an agency for fostering sympathy and democracy, which must not be allowed to fail the community.

FROM JENKIN LLOYD JONES' LETTER TO MRS. YOUNG.

Dear Mrs. Young:

I want my protest to be filed in your office along with that of Dean Talbot and others concerning the recent segregation on color lines in the Wendell Phillips High School. It may be that a "Social Afternoon," even a "Dean of Girls," are among the "frills" that can be dispensed with in a system of public school education. But in this emergency the public school system of Chicago cannot afford to break its record of democracy by this reactionary concession to what is, from the standpoint of democracy, a lamentable prejudice of color, ignoring merit and common interests, which we have inherited from the past, which is an entailment of aristocracy, race prejudice and national conceits, which are coming to their logical issue on the battlefields of Europe today.

My protest is not in behalf of the colored boys and girls of the Wendell Phillips High School. Such disciplines carry their compensations, but I protest in the interest of the white students. It is a blot on the fair fame of the Wendell Phillips that it should lend itself to the perpetuation of such prejudices. I am sure there are white pupils in that school that find congenial comradeship in class and lecture rooms and on the playground with their schoolmates of color, and if there must be "Social Functions" under the management of your Board, they should not misinterpret white children and their parents. Such interference on the part of parents, as I infer your office is troubled with from the newspaper reports, is the kind which it is the business of the School Board to resent. It is the privilege of those who do not like such democratic opportunities to stay away. If there is to be any "Jim Crow" segregation, let it be a "White Crow" one which they can enjoy at their pleasure. No "Dean of Girls" in Wendell Phillips or any other high school should be allowed to make a record of such far-reaching significance in the public schools of Chicago without thorough consideration and radical discussion.

Of course this is but a manifestation of the irrepressible and inevitable battle which has been raging through American history for generations. At one time it drenched our Southern fields in blood. It is still raging. No solution will obtain but a right solution, that is in the erasing of the prejudice against races, names, creeds and nationalities. If the "Dean of Girls" in the Wendell Phillips High School is allowed to cater to the prejudices against colored children, the next thing she will confront is the very real prejudice quite dominant in this neighborhood, so active that to my knowledge it leads some parents to withdraw their children from the privileges of the school on account of the Jew domination in that school. This prejudice against the black race, which thanks to a social mixture quite of another kind, is largely white blood, is paralleled by the prejudice against the Jews, and that other latent prejudice, ever ready to express itself and impatient of bounds, against the Catholics will follow. If the public cannot be made to extend equal privileges to all those of equal merit, then is the last hope of democracy gone.

Of course there is nothing personal in this letter. It is not to my friend, Mrs. Young, but to the Superintendent of Public Schools and the Board of Education back of her.

Environment, Education and Character

It is self-evident that our bodies must have their daily food; therefore we must sow and plant. Our bodies should be strong and beautiful; but this implies exercise and labor. Our minds grow only with use; therefore we must study and think. Truth comes not of itself; even the multiplication table must be mastered. Our hearts and souls come to their perfect flower only in the service of those about us. Goodness is for the many an earned increment. In this sense hardship and difficulty may find an explanation; life is a ceaseless experimenting and struggle.

But God did not excogitate these conditions any more than he did the multiplication table, or time and space—they are natural phenomena.

Now here I must dissent with much of our popular instruction. It asserts that where life is meanest, hardest, poorest there are the bravest, strongest, noblest natures. But I maintain that in these conditions the meanest, the weakest and the most timid men and women are found. To be greatly good, to know well, to finely feel and perceive, there must be the right environment. Do not good food, good clothes, good homes, good fathers and mothers (the Susanna Wesleys) give us the good children.

Then it should be our object to make life free, sane, kind and beautiful. For the world is raw material for the painter, the poet, the maker, the character builder. It may be that a certain amount of hardship, discipline, severity is "the inevitable condition of all progress," but surely not inequality, injustice, ugliness and poverty; and the problem of evil must stand just where it did before.

Young men and women go wrong because they do not know. Read that strong and brilliant writer, Thomas Hardy. Read his "Tess of the D'Urbevilles." Poor Tess lost her innocency not for reasons in herself, but because of the *hard* conditions in which she was thrown.

Those who would help others, who reach out for the great truths must *teach, teach, teach.* Let all who have strength and vision preach, not the gospel of severity, but the gospel of beauty, because beauty in the form of poetry, painting, music, and the drama, whose wonderful resources now "so wantonly squandered," as G. Lowes Dickinson truthfully says, may become one of the most potent forces in the regeneration of mankind.

The greatest opportunity to me is, that man may be unbound from the mean necessities; shall have the possibility of the free spirit of intellectual emancipation, and can, unfettered, throw the golden chain of his thought around the farthest star.

JAMES TOWNSEND.

THE PULPIT

The Brutal Rocks of Truth

By GEO. R. DODSON
Church of the Unity, St. Louis, Mo.

That two and two make four in the everywhere as well as the here, that the multiplication table is not to be revised, and that the "laws" of nature cannot be repealed by any legislature, are truths admitted without argument by the average mind. Believers in magic still exist and the love of the marvelous is yet strong. Nevertheless, the impression made by science is widespread and deep. Despite all that the pragmatists have said about "making truth," there is a growing realization of the fact that there is an objective order to which our lives must conform. In one sense it may be said that we never break the laws of nature. What happens is just the opposite; if we ignore them or refuse to regard them, they break us. I have somewhere met with the expression, "the brutal rocks of truth." The figure is striking, and the impression conveyed is correct.

There is an implication of importance for all, and of extreme importance for the citizens of a democracy who live under a government by discussion. Since the truth remains, what is ignorance of it or deliberate refusal to face it must inevitably lead to an eventual clash with it in the experience of life. The object of discussion is to lay bare the brutal rocks of truth to the end that we may avoid them. The reason that we guide and guard the children is to keep them from running against the sharp corners of the universe. We try to teach them what they will otherwise have to learn from nature in painful ways. For the truants and the wilful we are sorry, knowing that they cannot escape nature who will later speak to them in tones they cannot refuse to hear. So the man who "despiseth instruction" and will not accept correction is to be pitied as one not willing to be saved.

Discussion ought therefore always to be a co-operative enterprise aiming at the discovery of truths to which we must conform or perish. What it in most cases actually amounts to is a fight between parties whose intellectual pride and other interests more or less obscure their love of truth. It is a form of social combat, a struggle for control. Consequently, it is not surprising that the methods characteristic of it are those employed in all fighting. One of the most common devices is to set up a caricature of an opponent's argument and then proceed to knock it down to the applause of the undiscerning. Another is to appeal to prejudice and to attempt to discredit the antagonist in indirect ways. When hard pressed, the arts of evasion are practiced, and escape is effected in a metaphysical fog. When it is a question of personal conduct and a valid criticism has been made, how seldom do we hear the frank admission, "I erred at that point and accept the correction." In most cases the one at fault tries to break the force of the criticism by pointing to irrelevant merits and showing how good a fellow he is in general, and that he is not so bad after all.

The fact is that we are fighters far more than we realize, and our discussions, which should be co-operative undertakings to discover truth, are too often dominated by the combative spirit and aim at victory. And unless we can rise above fighting in our minds, wars are not likely to cease upon the earth. Our ordinary attitude in this respect is not only contrary to the highest ethical and religious ideals; it is extraordinarily unintelligent. Victories are real only so far as they are fairly won. Suppressed truths and ignored interests always avenge themselves, and the reaction is often so extreme that the victorious but unfair debater ultimately complains of injustice.

Ideally, a discussion on the greatest themes of human interest should be a delight. And it sometimes is when the protagonists are real gentlemen, knights errant in search of truth. In such a case, each one is scrupulously fair, even generous. He refuses to take advantage of tactical errors or defects of statement, scorning such meanness. He desires his opponent's argument to be fairly stated and full justice done to his view in the final summing up. Such is the elevated and noble tone pervading Plato's dialogues which in some instances perhaps contain reminiscences of actual conversations. Those who take part in the discussion regard one another as partners in the endeavor to discover the facts in the case, and bring to light all pertinent considerations. All are pledged to follow the argument wherever it leads. The modern reader perceives the archaisms and the lapses of logic, but the tone of the dialogues is high and noble and as refreshing as an Alpine breeze. We know in our hearts that this is what all our discussions ought to be.

But, it will be said, this is merely an ideal, as impossible as it is beautiful. On the contrary, to a mind completely consecrated to the spirit of truth anything else is impossible. What a pity that we cannot think a little more clearly about the ideal and the actual! An ideal is supposed to signify what ought to be but is not, something to be contemplated and admired, but departed from in practice. Yet there is no pertinent ideal which is not the natural goal of tendencies already on the way. It is a further stage of the present process of growth, a revelation of what the real world is moving toward, is destined to be. Many minds are today making the astonishing spiritual discovery that what they had supposed to be merely beautiful ideals requiring qualification in their application are not only practicable, but that they are the only principles that are practicable. It is finding the veritable secret of life.

This non-combative passion for truth which regards every opponent as a helper in revealing the world-order and which hopes for assistance from those who see life from a different point of view, is as practicable in its workings as it is ideal in its aspect. It is simply the *piety of the intellect*. Like good-will, the secret of religion, this is the secret of the intellectual life, and it works like magic. It is the fruit of the thinker's conversion, when his intellectual wilfulness has been overcome, and he joins the company of those who exclaim: "Our wills are ours to make them thine and thought is ours for no other end." It comes with the perception of the fact that the spiritual order in which man's thought and feeling must find his place is as real as the physical order of which his body forms a part, and ignorance or wilful disregard is as disastrous in one case as in the other. To live religiously is to live

regardful of the self-acting spiritual laws which it was Emerson's mission to help us to see. But this is to live intelligently, and the ideal and rational life are one.

Illustrations abound. We see that selfish and obviously partisan mind is distrusted. A man's statements are discounted in proportion to our sense of his intellectual wilfulness, whereas we tend to accept at one hundred per cent the utterances of the man who is careful for truth and who is felt to be seeking primarily the good that is good for all. His words are current at par and he is endued with tremendous power. He becomes a personal expression of irresistible impersonal forces. Nature and reality speak through him. He does not need eloquence, just as refined gold needs no gilding. He does not exhort, knowing that it is vain to try to strengthen truth. He has power to influence men because he has first consecrated himself to the highest.

We feel this all the more strongly when we consider the other side of the picture, the counterfeit of the man who is wise because he is ever found "standing in the truth." We have a profound sense of the intellectual impiety of those who are mere entertainers, when speaking or writing on the great themes, who cater to the love of the sensational, and use the methods of the charlatan to win applause. Material structures rest upon bases of stone or concrete, human lives upon ideas and ideals. Whatever changes these, changes foundations. To venture to do so is a serious matter, and no one but a sober and conscientious workman should dare to alter the substructure of human life. Frivolous and careless utterance on vital issues is therefore a profanation, a shocking form of intellectual unfaithfulness. The demagogue in pursuit of his selfish aims may be dynamiting social foundations. For human lives are masses of tendencies, and ideas often have explosive power. Fortunately, we are fair discerners of spirits and instinctively distrust those who strive for popularity and applause. They who seek these things often have their reward, but they fail of the prize of real influence. And their failure is a failure of intelligence as well as of morality, for it is as unintelligent to ignore the spiritual structure of the world as it is to disregard the physical laws. An ancient writer said, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." A more natural expression for modern men would be,—It is suicidal to clash with the physical and moral order of the universe. Intellectual wilfulness is irrational and in extreme cases, insane.

Moreover, it is not enough to know the truth, for the living laws with which we have to do take account also of the emotional aspect of life. The false, the insincere and the capricious are misfits in the world; so also are those who nourish feelings of pride, contempt and hatred. There is no place in the divine order except for men of good will. No proposition in geometry is more demonstrable, no physical principle more verifiable than the spiritual law that to be without love is to close the gates of life. Hatred "prevents us from coming into living and filial contact with those forces of the world which give us growth, and free us from narrow ends and unfraternal ways." Of all things in the world, hatred is that which we can least afford. On the other hand, to find the secret of truth and the secret of love is to "open every door in life which faces the sun, and the clear sky, and the face of the infinite Life."

It is very interesting to observe how the order of the world not only casts out the grossly wicked, but also how it automatically nullifies the efforts of earnest men when their spirit is not right. Modern prophets, e. g., are often strikingly ineffective. Their criticism is rejected as obnoxious because it is the contemptuous expression of those who feel themselves to be superior persons, and assume "that their views are final, their judgments infallible and their methods above reproach." We know that we need correction, but we can hardly help resenting it when it comes from those who obviously do not love us. If the prophet is to be of service, he must cease to throw stones at the people; he must be genial, genuinely democratic, and human, and meet his fellowmen on the plane of equality. He must admit the possibility of being mistaken, and try to lead rather than drive. Dr. Crothers has delightfully portrayed the woes of the unfortunate class who are the victims of the sense of their own superiority. He shows that in a democracy those who are thus handicapped have no chance, every man's hand being against them. They give offense through the obtrusiveness of their virtues, and irritate their fellows to the last degree. He who points the finger of scorn at others and from his eminence looks down in pity on what they do, has "a hard time."

The sorrows that fall to the lot of the unsympathetic, the proud and contemptuous, are inevitable. They result from the nature of things. Physically, man is part of the physical universe, on right relations with which depend his health, his welfare, and his very existence. There is also a moral and spiritual order to which human thought and feeling must be properly adjusted if the highest human possibilities are to be realized. Now Christianity has long been teaching men that God is love, that they who love share his life, and that the spirit of truth is the Holy Spirit which may be at the same time the spirit of God and man. We have heard this from childhood, but only as life matures and spiritual perception comes do we realize that this is a statement, not of a beautiful poetic or religious idea, but of nature of things. It is literally true, as most of us learn by experience in time, that ill-will or untruth cuts us off from that which quickens, inspires and illuminates life, and that if we come to the altar without truth and love we may as well go away and not return until we find them. If the statements of the New Testament are more formal and technical, Christanity might well be called a spiritual science, for its main teaching is the often verified and always verifiable truth that human hearts are not overcome by arms, but by generosity and love, and in virtue of the spiritual structure of the universe the only successful way of dealing with one's enemies is not to hate them and overcome them with force and fraud, but to serve them in steadfast good will.

A clear vision of these truths is an attainment. The natural man who in each of us comes first in the order of development does not see them, for they are spiritually discerned. To him they are ethical theories or religious ideals. With growth, however, there comes a sense of discontent with that which

satisfies only the natural man and a craving of the spirit which is made for truth and love and cannot rest in anything less. There comes an awareness of the fact that there is a physical order, so there is a divine order in which we must find our rightful place. The New Testament expresses this by saying that the natural man must be born again, born of a new and higher spirit, that it is necessary to put off the old man with his deeds and to put on "the new nature, that divine pattern which has been created in the upright and pious character of the Truth."

It is very interesting in this connection to note that when we have attained to an independent, first-hand knowledge of the experiences which the New Testament describes in quaint, archaic ways, our own progress seems to consist in finding out for ourselves the meaning of the great passages which have been sealed for us because of our spiritual immaturity. Then, too, we are somewhat hindered by the ancient form of statement, since it tends to produce the impression that the spiritual experiences referred to are miraculous and sudden, whereas they are ordinarily gradual and are always the result of a principle of development inherent in our life.

The failure to realize the naturalness and necessity of the change by which a life moved in its earlier phases by the more elementary passions and instincts ultimately becomes spiritually sensitive and appreciative of the higher motives and values is the chief defect of much literature that prides itself upon being modern and progressive. "Express yourself, be yourself,"—this is its gospel. It sounds simple, plausible, self-evident, until we ask,—What self is to be expressed? Then it is clear that self-expression is not for the natural man who is intellectually wilful and unregenerate so far as his hates are concerned. What he needs is discipline and patience till he finds his higher self, at which time his complete self-expression will be a benefit to the world instead of a social danger. The following words of Sir Henry Jones are profoundly true: "It is a dangerous experiment to lay the world at the feet of the natural man; it is safe at the feet of the spiritual. Let man devote and dedicate his passions, his intellect, his will, his very self, identifying himself thereby with the good that is working in the world—and especially the good of the weak and humble—he may then affirm himself, or rather the God that is with him and within him, to the uttermost."

It takes time, often much time, for man to "come to himself," to attain to a vivid awareness of the moral and spiritual order, to a conscious realization that he is himself a spirit, destined for citizenship in this "kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world." He discovers that the vast process of the cosmos which, in its physical aspects, seems indifferent to everything that is humanly precious, has after all a spiritual structure in which only the true and the loving can find a place and which automatically casts out him that hateth or maketh a lie. To those who have eyes but see not, this truth is a brutal rock, and many are the intellectually wilful and spiritually blind who are dashed against it. To those whose consecration to veracity of thought and action is complete and who would live steadfastly in the spirit of love, it is a beatific vision. The deepest in them has heard and answered the call of the highest. They know themeslves to be children of the perfect, natives of the ideal world, for which they are homesick for evermore.

St. Louis, Mo. GEO. R. DODSON.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

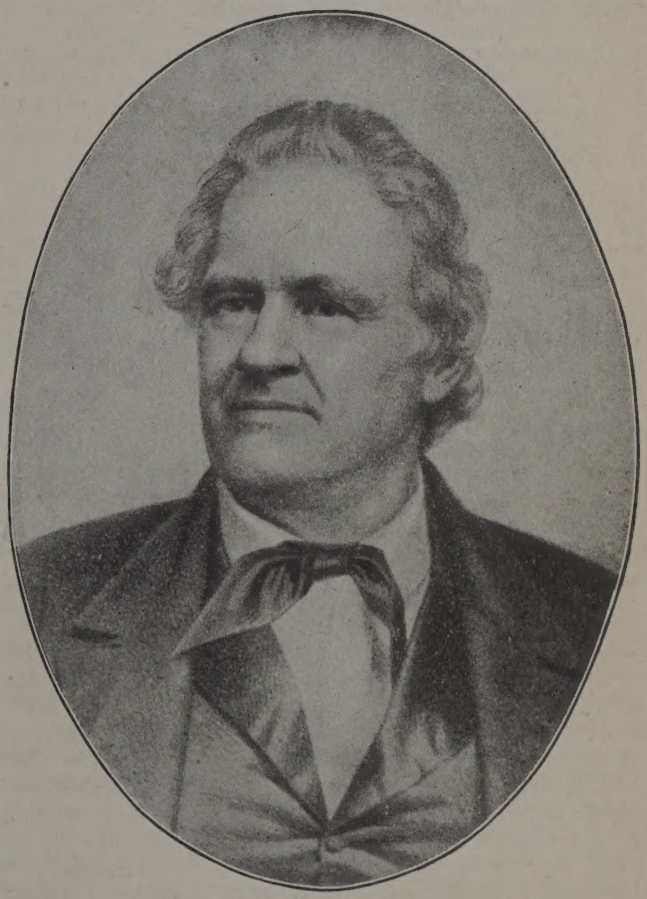
BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SINGING HUTCHINSONS.

The famous "Hutchinson Family" is well entitled to a place in American history. The roll of those who gave their talents to humanity in a true spirit of devo-



JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

tion is incomplete unless those wonderful singers are included. The group, "A nest of brothers with a sister in it," as the *Herald of Freedom* called them, comprised thirteen; and they came from the granite hills of New Hampshire, singing as no other family ever sang, because turning the melody of their matchless voices to purposes of justice and mercy. In their song, "The Old Granite State" (an improvisation that grew with the lapse of time), the catalogue of the singers is given:

David, Noah, Andrew, Zephy, Caleb, Joshua, Jesse, Bennie.
Judson, Rhoda, John and Asa and Abby are our names.

They sang before the war for anti-slavery, and they sang during the war for the same cause. Gen. McClellan forbade their songs in the camps of the Army

of the Potomac, but President Lincoln heard them gladly. McClellan had no objection to their Union songs, but they sang of freedom for the slaves in the same breath with which they sang for the Union; and that would never do in an army which was trying to conquer the revolted states without disturbing slavery.

They crossed the Atlantic and sang in Great Britain, and to the efforts of Charles Francis Adams and Henry Ward Beecher, in opposing the tide of southern sympathies in the United Kingdom, the winning influence of their voices was added. And returning, they continued their noble mission in their own land.

In that great trial hour of time,
Unheeding scorn and fret and frown,
A band of youthful minstrels came
From Hampshire's mountains trooping down.

By day and night with zeal unquenched,
By hill and vale—along the shore,
They sang great freedom's glorious songs
As they were never sung before.

They sang of scourges dripping blood,
Of suffering tyrants only mock;
The crush of souls beneath the chain,
Hearts broken at the auction block.

And consciences, which long were seared,
Aroused to see the boundless wrong;
And hearts which could withstand all else
Melted beneath their tide of song.[1]

On the fifth of January, 1891, John reached his seventieth milestone, and it was celebrated with loving heartiness at his home, Tower Cottage, Lynn, Mass., by a very distinguished company of men and women. Abby alone (Mrs. Ludlow Patten) survived of all the family group to enjoy the event with him. Sincerer tributes of affection and respect were never paid than were showered that day on the venerable John Hutchinson and his gentle sister. And they were full worthy of all the good things that were said to them and of them.

PRO-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN THE ARMY.

Gen. McClellan's order forbidding the Hutchinsons to sing their anti-slavery songs in the Army of the Potomac recalls an important feature of the war situation, viz., the very common pro-slavery sentiment among the officers, especially the higher officers. This feeling was one of the obstacles with which the patient Lincoln had to contend. Horace Greeley, writing to Mr. Smith, speaks plainly and *not* patiently of it:

Office of the Tribune,
Dear Sir: New York, February 1, 1863.

Our Government is deplorably weak, and like all weak governments is partly tyrannical, partly lax. They will imprison a newsboy for selling a paper whose editor sits undisturbed in Congress. We are in danger of a pro-slavery revolution on this account.

As to the Army of the Potomac, its higher officers are nearly all pro-slavery, and they will not let the *Tribune* circulate among their men, while the *Herald* and the more malignant *World* have free course. I try to right this but cannot.

Yours,
Gerrit Smith, Peterboro, N. Y. HORACE GREELEY.

PATRIOTS AT PETERBORO.

To Rev. S. J. Mayo. New York, December 25, 1862.

Dear Friend: A happy Christmas to you, your wife and children. . . . .

So Mr. Conway will speak in Peterboro Sunday, January 6. I am happy to hear it. Abundant notice shall be given of his lecture. He will of course come straight to my house. Will he be at Canastota the afternoon of the 6th? Assuming that he will be I will send my carriage for him.

I spoke here last Sunday evening. I have since written out my speech for the *Tribune*.

The Diary:

January 7, 1863. Moncure D. Conway came yesterday, lectured last evening in Free Church and left today. Mr. Conway will be thirty-one years old 17th next March.

How the War people thronged to Peterboro attracted by the active patriotism of this "master." Moncure D. Conway, a Virginian and inheritor of slaves, had liberated them, as Birney had done, and had cast in his lot with the advocates of emancipation. As in the case of Gerrit Smith, Conway's interest in reform had taken him out of the church in which he had been brought up. He was now an independent, with a loose affiliation with Unitarians. He was frequently a guest of the mansion.

The Diary:

April 14. My friend, George W. Julian, member of Congress from Indiana, arrives at 3 p. m. April 15. I have some of my neighbors to breakfast with Mr. Julian. This evening he speaks in the Free Church. April 16. He leaves us.

Theodore Weld comes. He speaks in Free Church.

Theodore Weld, scholar, philanthropist, abolitionist, married Angelina Grimké. The Grimké sisters, Angelina and Sarah, were daughters of Judge Grimké of the Supreme Court of South Carolina. The family were aristocrats, slaveholders and high church Episcopalians. Angelina and Sarah became Quakers, anti-slavery and woman's rights advocates. They were among the noblest of their sex and time. The slaves whom they inherited were by them emancipated, and they endeavored, though vainly, to induce the other members of their family to free theirs. Sentiment in Charleston was much against the sisters, and in 1837 they came North and began, in a very modest way to plead the cause of the bondmen. Wendell Phillips said of Angelina's gifts as a public speaker, that he "had never heard such eloquence from any other human lips." Sarah, who never married, continued to live with her sister after the latter's marriage to Mr. Weld. The families were very intimate with the Smiths and their kindred. Mr. and Mrs. Stanton named their son Theodore in honor of Theodore Weld.

From Hon. J. R. Giddings:

My Dear Friend: Jefferson, Ohio, April 27, 1863.

I reached home on Saturday and must return on Tuesday of next week. The duties of my office when first entered upon were very light; but time and circumstances have renedered them more important, and though they are not very arduous, they require attention.

I shall probably have my historic work ready for the press in about six weeks.[2] My health during the winter has been good. I suffer in the fall and spring when the weather is changing. My prospect of life for a few years is good now as it was three years since.

I remained in Montreal longer than I intended in order to meet Grotius, who has been in New Orleans until recently; he was permitted to return and report at Washington, and hopes to go to the field. His health is good, but his labors, care and anxiety have rendered him lean and light. My oldest son is with the Army of Western Virginia, in good health; and the Judge is now at home with his family. The two daughters are also here devoting their time principally to preparing and sending necessaries to our sick and wounded soldiers. Mrs. Giddings' health is quite good.

Our country must needs suffer while it sins; and in exact proportion to its iniquities.

1. George W. Putnam.

2. History of the Rebellion; its Authors and Causes. A work of great value to students of Slavery and Secession.

I rejoice to see you still faithful to God and mankind. Your writings and speakings do good. That part of my work is consummated, except as to historical facts.

With great respect and affection to yourself and family, I am, dear sir,

Your friend,

Hon. Gerrit Smith. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

The Diary:

April. Several meetings of the Loyal Legion have recently been held in the Free Church.

From Mrs. Mary E. Stearns, wife of George L. Stearns, to Mrs. Miller.

(Extract.)

Medford, July 8, 1863.

Humanity and civilization take a fresh start from the 4th of July, 1863.

How history dotes on certain days, as if to remind poor, stupid man of the immortal threads she weaves into this warp and woof of time.

Even Mr. Stearns' commission to raise Colored Troops, by order of the War Department, was dated the 17th June (the Battle of Bunker Hill!).

I have been jubilant to the verge of exhaustion, and how it does lift us at last over all our agony at the delays and vexations that have attended this war!

Your father must soar with delight. Tell him I shake hands with him across the space, as the lovers of free institutions, and the "inalienable rights of man" will do across the ages.

Does the reader query as to the occasion for this outpouring of enthusiasm? The surrender of Vicksburg, after its long siege, and the victory at Gettysburg, great turning points in the war, were the occasion. Intense patriotism on the part of the women, both South and North, was a pronounced feature of the civil struggle.

The Diary:

July 26. Greene starts for Gettysburg to see poor Joseph Henry, who was wounded. July 31. Mrs. Henry comes this evening. Soon after, the remains of her son arrive. Dear Joseph, who had lived with us for years, was wounded in the Battle of Gettysburg. He was the Adjutant of the regiment. We all loved Joseph. August 1. We had brief funeral exercises on our piazza. The body is taken to the Oneida Catholic Cemetery for burial.

Gerrit Smith's concern for this young man, who had given his life for his country, was characteristic. Never a Smithfield soldier, sick or wounded, who was not made the recipient of his kindness; never a death among the soldiers of his town that he did not grieve.

A SPEAKING TOUR.

The Diary:

July 31. I returned from Oswego. I spoke in Oswego 29th, and in Syracuse 30th.

August 3. I went to Cazenovia and spoke in the Methodist Church on The Rebellion and the Draft, the subject on which I spoke in Oswego and Syracuse a few days ago. August 6. I spoke in Watertown and 7th in Oneida on the same subject. August 8. I spoke on the same subject in the Presbyterian Church, Peterboro. August 10. I spoke in the Park at Hamilton. August 11. I spoke in Albany; 12th in Uutica. (Same subject in all places.)

No young soldier on duty at the front was more tireless in his patriotic efforts than this infirm veteran of the conflicts of Humanity. How this speech on The Rebellion and the Draft affected the multitudes who thronged the places in which it was given, may be judged by the impression made by it on an experienced politician:

From Thurlow Weed:

New York, August 12.

My Dear Sir:

I want first to thank you for your great and living speech at Tweddle Hall.

The spirit which moves you, and that spirit only, can save our country. Men must lift themselves above party or all will be lost.

The Rebellion was prompted by Ambition. The Census of 1860 inflicted a deep wound on Political Slavery. That of 1870 would have annihilated it. Slavery statesmen would not wait. Failing to introduce into Kansas and the Territories, the Slavers resolved to divide the Union. Let us thwart *that* purpose and all else that is good will follow.

The Union is worth all it costs to preserve it.

Truly yours,

Gerrit Smith. THURLOW WEED.

The Diary:

August 16. I spoke in Free Church on Our Duty to the Soldier.

August 17. I have been very busy today in going through a part of the town to get help for the soldiers drafted, or their substitutes.

August 26. Edward L. Taylor of Columbus comes. He was Captain in Grant's army at taking of Vicksburg. His mother is daughter of my uncle Edward Livingston.

September 3. I go to Syracuse to address the Young Men's Convention.

September 30. I spoke in Binghamton on The War.

To Mr. May:

(Extract.)

Peterboro, October 2, 1863.

I find your letter, with Mr. Weld's two letters, both of which I return. Do tell Mr. Weld when you write him that I make no arguments for the Union or the Country, and that I am insistent simply on all persons being *unconditional* opponents of the Rebellion. Even the Abolitionist must riisk the effect on his Abolition cause, of the putting down of the Rebellion.

. . . . You refer to R. D. Owen's good letter to Seward. I dined with him when last in New York. He is a just and good man. . . . I wish I had saved the *Standard* containing Miss Weld's new John Brown Song. I heard lately that his family (Brown's) purposed moving to a Western State. I suppose they are still in North Elba, Essex County.

The Diary:

October 15. I spoke in Buffalo last evening and in Rochester the evening before on The War. October 23. I went to Rome and spoke on The Country.

Speech in Montreal:

In December Mr. Smith made several visits to Montreal, in connection with an annoying piece of political persecution in which his dear friend Giddings was involved. On one of the occasions he made a public speech in one of the largest halls in the city, in which, after boldly criticising the British Government for its failure to observe the laws of neutrality in the matter of the Confederate cruisers, he concluded with a nobly stirring appeal for the full sympathy of Britons and Canadians, on behalf of the United States, in its struggle to maintain an undivided nation. The address, according to Canadian papers, was listened to with closest attention, and undoubtedly aided in the great work that Mr. Giddings was doing as Consul General, neutralizing industrious efforts of Southern emissaries to create sympathy for the Confederacy. One paragraph of Mr. Smith's Montreal speech will interest the reader, showing, as it does, that in the midst of his exertions for carrying forward one of the greatest and bloodiest of wars, he had not lost sight of the principle for which he had always stood, that nations as much as individuals are under obligations to obey the laws of Christ.

He had been arguing very earnestly against, not the lawfulness, international law being considered, but

the fairness of England's attitude in the affair of the Trent.

But you will say that Captain Wilkes insulted the British flag. To this I answer, that there is not the slightest evidence that he intended to. Nevertheless he did, will be your rejoinder. I know what is the British spirit—the British jealousy—in regard to the British flag, and especially when it floats over a ship, for Britain is even more of a water than a land fowl. I will not say aught in derogation or complaint of this spirit. But this much I will say: That on the same wise and Christian principle that an individual should not return an insult with a blow, a nation should not. England regards herself, and I will not say unjustly, as the foremost nation in Christian civilization. But how sad that a nation thus advanced should be ready to go to war for a point of honor! Perhaps you will say that my own nation would do so. I fear she would. This, however, would only show that my nation, like yours, has not yet risen into obedience to all the laws of Christ.

From Hon. J. R. Giddings:

(Extract.)

Jefferson, Ohio, December 22, 1863.

My Excellent Friend:

The Department was kind enough to grant me leave of absence from the 15th of November until the 1st of April and my son, acting as Vice Consul, transacts the business of the office while I am at home with my family.

I have improved since the first of September in body and mind, and should I have no more attacks of atrophy, I may live for some years; but I am fully of opinion with my physicians that the next will prove fatal, or, perhaps, what is far more afflictive, would render me incapable of business.

Permit me to express the fear that your own mind is *too busy*. Your intellectual labors are too great. Rest of mind you need and must have and by attending to the subject you will obtain *it in this world*. If not you will be hurried to that state where intellectual labor will not be clogged by physical infirmity.

The Diary:

March 6, 1864. This day completes my sixty-seventh year.

My motto for the coming year
Shall be Sweet Hope, not Shrivelling Fear;
Shall be, not pleasure, fame nor pelf,
But "Up with Christ, and Down with Self."

For this last line I am indebted to my reading of dear Romaine thirty years ago.

Last letter from Joshua R. Giddings:

(Extract.)

Montreal, April 25, 1864.

Yesterday that good man, Mr. Gould, sat with me an hour or two. During the conversation he alluded to your visit to this place; unfolded to me your object and designs in coming. I shall make no attmept to describe to you my emotions on the occasion. My life has been almost a continual conflict. For years the voice of political, moral or religious friendship was seldom heard by me. Yet no man prized the frienship of others higher than I always have. But I could not violate my own judgment and conscience to win the favor of others.

I was poor, however, and wanted to obtain a living for myself as long as I might be able. I, or rather my friends, selected this office as best adapted to my condition of health, age and political views. I came here expecting to spend time pleasantly, without further conflict, believing that I was wholly unfitted for the battlefield. For you will understand that I am not the man I was in former years. To my surprise I found myself in the midst of slaveholding influences, while scarcely a man was willing to stand out boldly in favor of my Government or the cause which had occupied my political life.

* * * *

My influence here, I think, is far greater than when I came. I have never occupied office so pleasantly as I now do. Unfortunately, Mr. Seward differs so widely from me, or rather I differ so widely from him, that my relations with his department are not pleasant. Otherwise my position here would be today as agreeable as I ever expected it would be. My health is far better than it was one year since, and I believe that I may yet recover from the malady which has threatened my life, if I am prudent. I hope to see you again while in this sphere of thought. Indeed, I promise myself the pleasure of visiting you at your home, with your family around you. And I beg you to assure Mrs. Smith of my hope of seeing her, and Mrs. Miller and the kind, jovial Colonel again. For Peterboro is one of those places rendered sacred to me by recollections of the past.

Oh, how grieved I know you must have been at the late speeches of Sherman and Trumbull and Foster and Doolittle in favor of the barbarous Fugitive Act. I am sadly disappointed in those men. I did not believe that men of thought, in responsible positions, could retain the heathenish idea that Congress has a right to dispose of the life or liberty of innocent men. But I have already displayed the garrulity of an old man, and written more than you will have time to read.

With great respect,

Hon. Gerrit Smith. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

One month and two days from the writing of this letter, Mr. Giddings lay dead in Montreal.

The Giddings' home and old law office, where Giddings & Wade practiced law together, and "Old Charlie," an ex-slave, who had lived with Giddings' family over forty years.

TAKING NO CHANCES

One of the shrewd lairds of Lanarkshire had evidently experienced the difficulties of collecting money lent to friends.

"Laird," a neighbor accosted him one morning. "I need twenty poonds. If ye'll be guid enough to tak ma note, ye'll hae yere money back agin in three months frae the day."

"Nae, Donald," replied the laird, "I canna do it."

"But, laird, ye hae often done the like fer yere friends."

"Nae, mon, I canna obleege ye."

"But, laird—"

"Will ye listen to me, Donald? As soon as I took yere note ye'd draw the twenty pounds, would ye no?"

Donald could not deny that he would.

"I ken ye weel, Donald," the laird continued, "and I ken that in three months ye'd nae be ready to pay me ma money. Then, ye ken, we'd quarrel. But if we're to quarrel, Donald, I'd rather do it noo, when I hae ma twenty pounds in ma pocket."—*Tit-Bits.*

The annual cut of British Columbia timber is approximately two billion feet. There are 420 mills and 790 logging camps in the province, employing about 60,000 men.

One hundred shade trees will be planted by the Massachusetts Forestry Association in cities or towns of four population classes which win prize contests for excellence in street tree planting.

THE STUDY TABLE
Good Books

I confess that I am tired of books that rehearse progress and change in religious views. A few of us began at the spring-head of this mighty river, when Calvinism was universal, and no man dared to lay claim to his own soul. That was about one hundred years ago—not quite—and a few of us who asserted our individual freedom got a big lift from Theodore Parker, and something of the sort from Bushnell, while over the way the broad churchmen like Robertson and Kingsley were widening the path in other ways. It was all rough road, however, until we came to Darwin and Evolution. At last we could begin to build, and it was a long while before one could find a neighbor to touch hands with. When I lived in Michigan there were just six of us, and we did not dare to let our freedom of thought be generally known. I went over to Collyer to have a talk. He wanted me to join the Unitarians, and I wouldn't. In the Theological Seminary, that was in 1856, many of them counted a liberal as deserving the fate of Servitus. What was one to do about it? Science denied that it had any responsibility. Then came Cope and Montgomery and a few more to help us. Now we are bluntly asked if a Christian can remain in the church. I have from *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.* George Harris' "A Century Change in Religion," and the book is of decided historic value. It goes over a good deal of that which we have lived through, only I can't help feeling that ex-President Harris did not go through with all of it personally. I suppose he is not as old as some of us. The book is a good one to read, if you have time to reckon up this business of Evolution.

From the same firm, that is, *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*, I have a book entitled "What Men Live By," the work of Richard C. Cabot, Professor of Medicine in Harvard University. This is a book that you will like to read in small chunks, and with your feet up to the fire, of a Florida evening. I hope you will many of you have such an evening. Why do you stay up there in the snow banks?

From Macmillans I also get that splendid little volume by Lucy Furman, entitled "Sight to the Blind." It is a story full of truth—those truths which we need to hear and heed. The war is knocking us around in such a way that we can listen to new statements. The war Bible will follow the break-up of Bible civilization. It is a long range from the Jehovah of the Hebrews to the Jesus of Humanity. Will we be able to take it? The newer books that come to me are charged with a newer civilization. Some quick work is going to be done—not only in Europe but all over the world. At any rate "Sight to the Blind" is not a misnomer for all of us or any of us.

Published in 1886, my first book, "Our Heredity from God," fails for the first time to send in royalties. All right; it has lived a good long life and done a lot of service. If I were a young man I would rewrite it and give it another lease of life; as it is, *Requiescat in pace.* That book cost me ten years of hard work, and carried me and others over from dying orthodoxy to living love for God. I am satisfied. But after all, what a curious thing a dying book is. I am not sure that any doctor can save the life of one that is smitten.

E. P. Powell.

Reviews

"Problems of Boyhood," by Franklin Winslow Johnson (Chicago University Press, pp. 130, 1914, $1.00). In the twenty-two chapters of this little book, Prof. Johnson gives us many valuable suggestions respecting the training of boys. He writes as a master of his subject, out of a large and varied experience. All phases of the complex subject are briefly but helpfully covered, from custom to speech, from sex to drink, from courtesy to loyalty, from citizenship to religion. The discussion is everywhere practical, wholesome, illuminating. A good book for the parent, the teacher, the minister, the leader of clubs for boys.

"Wayside," by Edward Allen. (Sherman, French and Company, pp. 159, $1.00, 1914.) This is a discussion of interesting life problems, cast in the form of conversations between a few persons. The writer has searched widely for a satisfying faith, in the scriptures of many religions, in scientific treatises, and in the works of many great philosophers. He has found truth and inspiration everywhere, but, like many others, he finally comes home to the soul itself, its primitive convictions and essential postulates, for the everlasting foundations alone adequate for the supreme life. These discussions hold one's interest and the general impression is inspiring and hopeful.

"The Making of the Universe," by Antoinette Brown Backwell (The Gorham Press, Richard G. Badger, 198 pp., $1.00, 1914). This little book will please the many friends of this remarkable American woman, a pioneer woman suffragist, temperance advocate, and the first of her sex to be regularly ordained to the Christian ministry in the United States, probably in the world (1853). Although now about ninety years old, she is still vigorous in mind. Her venerable age, her unique position, her gracious personality, her many achievements, her literary activity at her time of life,—all these things appeal strongly to our sympathetic consideration. As the title of her book suggests, the range of her thought is wide, the problems which she discusses are profound and difficult; the evidence of much reading and prolonged meditation are to be found on every page. There are a dozen chapters which proceed by orderly steps from Creation as a Correlated Process, through a discussion of Energy, Organism, Life, Mind, Will, to God the Supreme Architect. Her discussion of "Mankind Among the World-Makers" is especially interesting. No extended description of these chapters will here be attempted; and that is not necessary. The multitude of friends who will surely wish to read this book by the Minister Emeritus of All Saints Church (Elizabeth, N. J.) will make their own estimate as they meditate on the varied messages of these pages, weighted with serious teachings. There are no quotations and no uncredited "borrowings," but many sentences remind us of Emerson, while many others remind us of Spencer, an interesting fact which shows us how widely the author reaches in opposite directions. But the supremely significant fact is this: That a woman at her great age should give us such a book. May it bring her the commendation of many friends in her twilight time!

Joseph H. Crooker.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

WAR ABOLISHED—PEACE ENTHRONED.

A New Year's Greeting.

Is this, the most terrible, most destructive and most uncalled for of wars to be the last between civilized nations? It certainly should be and can easily be made so, and the world thus cleared of its greatest crime. Arbitration tribunals have already pronounced righteous judgment in no less than six hundred and twenty-seven cases, and not one has been challenged. Four of the nations now engaged in war have resorted to arbitration before the Hague Tribunal for settlement of their disputes: France six times, Britain five, Germany three, Russia two, and the United States three times. One of these disputes involved no less than twelve, another six nations, and the verdicts of the Tribunal were accepted without demur! When such peaceful settlement of international disputes is already within reach, why should not the nations named, inviting others to co-operate, agree that future differences shall be settled peacefully as these were? They could go a step further, if necessary, and resolve that nations refusing to accept such peaceful settlement shall resort to war at their peril, since Arbitration had become the guardian angel of World Peace!

The five nations named, Britain, France, Germany, Russia and the United States, or substitutes for any of the five which may decline to act, have only to agree that disputes arising between any of the nations shall be thus arbitrated and, behold, blessed peace ascends the throne; men cease to act like savage beasts, killing each other, and we have before us—War abolished, Peace enthroned.

We have a World Supreme Court in the Hague Tribunal, which has been in successful operation for fifteen years. It was summoned by the present Russian Czar, to whom the world owes an unpayable debt. He desired the powers "to devise, if possible, a means to put an end to the incessant armaments, and to seek a means warding off the calamities threatening the whole world." Twenty-six nations responded to this first call; to his second call no less than forty-four attended. May it be his privilege soon to call the third Congress and thus, perhaps, perform the greatest service ever permitted to man.

Surely, after an armistice is established between the nations now unfortunately at war, the majority of enlightened people in all civilized lands will realize that permanent world peace would be Earth's greatest blessing and is entirely practicable through a union of a very few powerful nations pledged to maintain it, and inviting all other civilized lands to become members thereof, each nation contributing to the cost of such union in proportion to its population and wealth. As nations accepted peaceful arbitration, armies and navies would rapidly fade away because no longer necessary, and the prophecy would soon be fulfilled that "men shall learn war no more." The Brotherhood of Man would then have arrived, and life on this Earth flash forth glimpses of Heaven.

Meanwhile let us pity and forgive those who urge increased armaments, for "they know not what they do." "Preparation for war" by one nation invariably leads to "preparation against war" by the nations alarmed or endangered, and armies and navies find no limit to their expansion—as has been amply proven. "For what can war but endless war still breed?" asked Milton, poet and prophet, three centuries ago, and to this no answer has ever been or can be given! Let our motto, therefore, be "Preparation for World Peace," strong in the faith that under his holy banner there can be no such word as fail.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

A COLLYER MEMORIAL.

A few days ago there was placed on private exhibition in the studio of the artist, Mr. Henry Hering, the clay model of the great high-relief which is to be placed in the Church of Messiah, New York City, in perpetual memory of Dr.

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We shall try both ways: The first will speak for itself. We speak now for our method of allurement.

Dr. William L. Sullivan's intensely interesting novel of "American Modernism," "The Priest," is a book which every friend of the liberal faith ought to own. In a sense it is not biography, but behind its dramatic fiction lies the background of a young priest's actual experience of spiritual development in passing from the Roman Catholic church to the liberal ministry. The publisher's price for the book is $1.25. We will send it with one year's new subscription to The Unitarian Advance for $1.30.

A more beautiful and human bit of autobiography than Robert Collyer's "Some Memories" has rarely been written. The "Blacksmith Preacher" tells his wonderfully interesting life-story in his own inimitable way, and every page is a smile—with a thoughtful inspiration behind it of Robert Collyer's genial soul. The publisher's price for this book is $1.25. We will send it with one year's subscription to The Unitarian Advance for $1.30.

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Robert Collyer. If the judgment of the Collyer family, and of such friends and parishioners as have seen the model, is to be trusted, this memorial, when completed in the heroic bronze, will constitute a notable sculptural achievement. Certainly as a portrait of Dr. Collyer, it is almost startling in its vital reproduction of the great preacher's benignant face, splendid physical proportions, and noble bearing in the pulpit.

In connection with this event, may I take occasion, on behalf of the committee in charge, to issue a further appeal for funds for this memorial. Six thousand (6,000) dollars is the sum required. Of this, a little more than two thousand (2,000) dollars is now in the hands of the committee; another two thousand (2,000) dollars has been pledged; which leaves a final two thousand (2,000) dollars still to be raised. With the exception of one large gift and fifteen smaller ones, it is to be noted that all the money thus far received and pledged has come from the members of the Church of the Messiah It is with the desire to have this monument a truly national—indeed, international—memorial, and with the confident assurance that Dr. Collyer's friends everywhere will want to have their share in its erection, that this further appeal for funds is issued at this time. Mr. Hering hopes to have the relief ready for unveiling and dedication by Eastertide. Contributions therefore should be in the hands of the treasurer, Mr. William Shillaber (60 Wall St., New York City), not later than March or April next.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE POLITICAL MICROBE.

The careers of many statesmen are worthy of emulation for other than material prospects. But the fact remains that politics has many followers who would do better as hewers of wood or trench diggers; who would live more happily and do more good in the world by attending to their own business than by striving to steer the ship of state.

Any partial success politically may be worse than utter failure. It has unfitted toilers for the arduous task of earning their bread and other luxuries, and has left them as mere hangers-on whose presence clutters up the pathway. Perhaps people should take a greater interest in politics than they do, but they don't; and one of the reasons for this conditions is the parade of pests who have made politics, instead of sewer digging, their life work.—*Exchange.*

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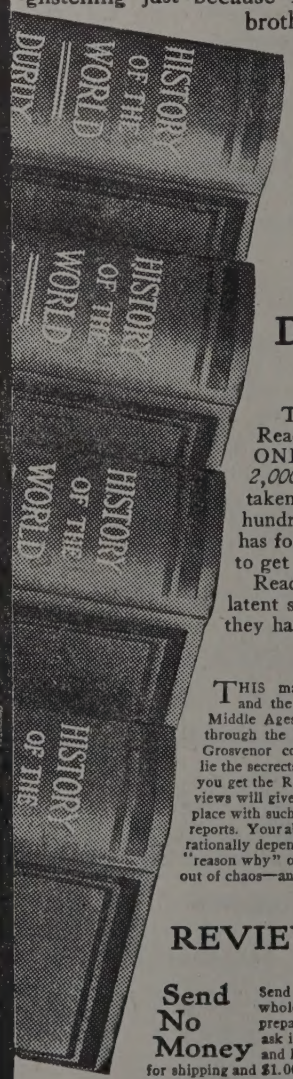

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